

# Bradford Reporter.

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Regardless of Denunciation from any Quarter.—Gov. FORNER.

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

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## The Stranger's Grave.

Behold! amid this solitude,  
With moss and wild flowers crown'd,  
Yon heap of earth, unshapely rude—  
The stranger's funeral mound.

Near by he died—far from the place  
His youthful days were reared,  
Where not a single human face  
His dying moments cheer'd!

No man of God to rouse him up,  
To exercise his faith—  
No Heaven-sped prayer to strengthen hope,  
And fit his soul for death!

No pious father to prepare  
His soul to take its flight—  
No mother to bestow her care,  
And cheer death's gloomy night.

No brother to attend his bed  
And heave affection's sigh—  
No sister to support his head  
With tearful, anxious eye.

No tender wife to kneel and weep  
In sorrow by his side—  
To close his eyes for their last sleep,  
And mourn for him that died!

Ah! no, there was not e'en a friend  
To shed one kindly tear—  
No drops from pity's eyes descend  
To his unhonour'd bier!

And here no consecrated ground  
Receives the humble dead—  
No mockeries of art surround  
The stranger's lowly bed!

No marble slab preserves a name  
To read in after time—  
His worth and virtues to proclaim,  
But to conceal his crimes!

His fellow worms, when here they stray,  
May thoughtless view the spot,  
And wild beasts roam above his clay—  
But he regards them not!

He sleeps amid the forest's gloom,  
And peaceful be his rest—  
May sweetest wild flowers deck the tomb  
Above the Stranger's breast!

## Irish Machine Poetry.

Jem Doggo married old Judy Rose—  
Och, she was a charming young bride;  
With turf he then built a brick house,  
And the front door was on the back side.

The roof it was tiled with oat-straw,  
The cellar was on the first floor,  
And the chimney in order to draw,  
Was built just outside of the door.

A beggar was Teddy Melone,  
His sister was his only brother;  
He had nothing at all of his own,  
Except what belonged to his mother.

One night Teddy says to the Squire,  
"I'm so cold give me somethin' to eat,  
I'm so dry let me sit by the fire,  
And so hungry I must warm my feet."

"Oh! honey," one day says Pat Tigg,  
For he was a scandalous glutton,  
"Tomorrow I'll kill a fat pig,  
For I'm sure he'll make illegant mutton."

So he then goes into the hovel,  
And he hangs the pig up by the heel,  
Cut his throat all so neat with the shovel,  
Saying, this is the way to dress veal!

One day Paddy Mulligan swore  
He had scald his mouth to a blister,  
While at dinner the morning before—  
"And wat was it wid?" asked the sister,  
Says Paddy "just thry for to guess"—  
"Och, I can't"—then I'll tell you my  
swate, O,  
"Twas nothin' at all more or less,  
Than a raw-roasted frozen potatoe."

## The Poor Man.

God grant the poor man constant health,  
To toil for daily bread,  
He has no earthly wealth,  
And must be clothed and fed;  
The proud of place will grind his face,  
The hard withold his hire—  
Great Parent heed his piteous case  
And guard his cottage fire.

Thou carest for the little birds  
That own no earthly lord—  
Thou carest for the flocks and herds  
That crop the flowery sward—  
Heed'st the young ravens when they cry,  
Heed'st the young lion's when thy roar,  
And wilt regard the poor man's sigh  
And meek petition more.

Then grant the poor man constant health,  
And strength for daily toil,  
With sweet content, the dearest wealth  
Of weary mortal moid.  
Had grant him power to rule his mind  
To own affections sway,  
And nurse the charities designed  
To smooth his pilgrim way.

## Journey to Siberia.

The following thrilling extract we take from "A passage in the life of a Maitre-D'Armes," published in Blackwood's Magazine for June, 1843. A lady, with the consent of the Emperor, has determined to join her affianced lover, who is an exile to Siberia. The winter coming on, her friends endeavored to persuade her to delay her journey to spring, without effect. She determines to bear all the dangers of the way at so late a season; and the Emperor sends a corporal named Ivan, to conduct her, the Maitre-D'Armes, who relates the adventure, accompanies her as her companion. We commence our extract just as they are setting out from Moscow:

"Adieu! Adieu!" The whip cracked; the wheels rattled over the pavement. We were off to Siberia. On we went, day and night. Pokrov, Vladimir, Nijni-Novogorod, Casan.—"Puscare! Puscare!" Quicker! Quicker! was Ivan's cry to each new postilion. The snow had not yet begun to fall, and he was anxious, if possible, to cross the Ural mountains before it set in. The immense plains between Moscow and Perm were traversed with tremendous rapidity. On reaching the latter place, Louise was so much exhausted that I told Ivan we must halt one night. He hesitated a moment, then looking at the sky, which was dark and lowering. "It will be as well," said he; "we must soon have snow, and it is better it should fall now than during our journey." The next morning his prediction was verified. There were two feet of snow in the streets of Perm.

Ivan now wished to remain till the cold increased, so that the snow might become hard, and the rivers frozen.—But all his arguments could only induce Louise to wait two days. On the third morning we set off, leaving our carriage, and packed into a sort of small vehicle without springs, called a *telegue*.

On reaching the foot of the Ural mountains, the cold had so much increased that it became advisable to substitute a sledge for our wheels. We stopped at a miserable village, composed of a score of hovels, in order to effect this exchange, and entered a wretched hut, which did duty both as post-house, and as the only inn in the place. Eight or nine men, carriers by trade, were crowded round a large fire, lighted in centre of the room, and the smoke of which found a vent through a hole in the roof. They paid no attention to our entrance; but when I had taken off my cloak, my uniform at once obtained for us the best place at the hearth.—The landlord of this wretched hostelry met my inquiries about supper with a stare of astonishment, and offered a huge loaf of hard black bread as the whole contents of his larder. Ivan, however, presently appeared, having managed to forage out a couple of fowls, which, in an inconceivably short space of time were plucked, and one of them simmering in an iron pot over the fire, while the other hung suspended by a string in front of the blaze.—Supper over, we wrapped ourselves in our furs, and lay down upon the floor, beds in such a place being of course out of the question.

Before daybreak, I awoke, and found Ivan and the carriers already afoot, and in consultation as to the practicability of continuing our journey. The question was at last decided in favor of the march; the wagoners hastened to harness their horses, and I went to inspect our carriage, which the village blacksmith had taken off its wheels and mounted upon a sledge. Ivan meantime was foraging for provisions, and shortly returned with a ham, some tolerable bread, and a half-dozen bottles of a sort of reddish brandy, made, I believe, out of the bark of the birch-tree.

At length all was ready, and off we set, our sledge going first, followed by the carrier's wagons. Our new companions, according to the custom among them, had chosen one of their number as a chief, whose experience and judgment were to direct the movements of the party, and whose orders were to be obeyed in all things. Their choice had fallen on a man named George, whose age I should have guessed to be fifty, but who, I learned with astonishment, was upwards of seventy years old. He was a powerful and muscular man, with black piercing eyes, overhung by thick shaggy eyebrows, which, as well as his long beard, were of an iron grey. His dress consisted of a woollen shirt and trousers, a fur cap, and a sheepskin with the wool turned

inside. To the leathern belt around his waist were suspended two or three horse shoes, a metal fork and spoon, a long-bladed knife, a small hatchet, and a sort of wallet, in which he carried pipe, tobacco, flint, steel, nails, money and a variety of other things, useful or necessary in this mode of life. The garb and equipment of the other carriers were, with some small difference, the same.

The first day's journey passed without incident. Our march was slow and even dangerous, all traces of the road being obliterated, and we were obliged to feel our way, as it were, by sending men forward with long pikes to sound the depth of snow before us. At nightfall, however, we found ourselves in safety on a sort of platform, surmounted by a few pine trees. Here we established our bivouac. Branches were cut, and a sort of hut built; and, with the aid of enormous fires, the night passed in greater comfort than might have been expected on a mountain side, and with snow many feet deep around us.

At daybreak we were again in movement. Our difficulties increased as we ascended the mountain; the snow lay in prodigious masses, and more than once we were delayed by having to rescue one or another of our advanced guard from some hole or ravine into which he had fallen. No serious accident, however, occurred, and we had at length the satisfaction of finding ourselves descending. We had passed the highest point of the road.

We had been going down hill for some three hours, the way zig-zagging among the rocks and precipices, when suddenly we were started by a loud cracking, followed by a noise that resembled a clap of thunder, repeated by many echoes. At the same moment a sort of whirlwind swept by us, and the air was darkened by a cloud of snow-dust. "An avalanche!" cried George, stopping his wagon. Everybody halted. In another instant the noise ceased, and the air became clear, and the avalanche continued its downward course, breaking as it passed, a couple of gigantic pines that grew upon a rock, some five hundred feet below us. The carriers gave a hurra of joy at their escape, nor was it without reason. Had we only been half a verst further on our road our journey had been at an end.

The avalanche had not passed, however, without doing us some harm, for on reaching the part of the road over which it had swept, we found it blocked up by a wall of snow thirty feet thick and of great height. There were several hours' work for all of us to clear it away; but unfortunately it was already nightfall, and we were obliged to make up our minds to remain where we were till morning.

No wood was to be had either for fuel or fire. The want of the latter was most unfortunate; for independently of the cold rendering it very necessary, it was our chief protection against the wolves. Doing the best we could under such unfavorable circumstances, we drew up the carts in the form of a half circle, of which the two extremities rested against the wall of snow in our rear, and within the sort of fortification thus formed we placed the horses and our sledge. Our arrangements were scarcely completed when it became perfectly dark.

In the absence of fire, Louise's supper and mine consisted of dry bread.—The carriers, however, made a hearty meal on the flesh of a bear they had killed that morning, and which they seemed to consider as good raw as cooked.

I was regretting the want of any description of light, in case of an attack from the wolves, when Louise suddenly recollected that Ivan put the lanterns belonging to the traveling carriage into our *telegue*, when we changed horses. On searching I found them under the seat, each furnished with a thick wax taper.

This was, indeed, a treasure. We could not hope to scare away the wolves by the light of our two candles; but it would enable us to see them coming, and to give them a proper reception.—We tied the lanterns to the top of two poles fixed firm in the snow, and saw with pleasure that they cast their clear pale light near fifty yards around our encampment.

We were ten men in all. Two stood sentry on the carts, while the remainder set to work to pierce through the obstacle left by the avalanche. The snow had already become slightly frozen, so that they were able to cut a passage through it. I joined the working party as being a warmer occupation than standing sentry. For three or four

hours we toiled incessantly, and the birch-tree brandy, with which I had provided myself, and which we had carefully economized, was now found most useful in giving strength and courage to the laborers.

It was about eleven o'clock at night when a howl was heard, which sounded so close and startling that we immediately suspended our work. At the same moment old George, who was on sentry, called to us. We ran to the wagons and jumped upon them. A dozen enormous wolves were prowling about the outside edge of the bright circle thrown by our lanterns. Fear of the light kept them off; but each moment they were growing bolder, and it was easy to see that they would not be long without attacking us.

I looked at the priming of my carbine and pistols. Ivan was similarly armed; but the carriers had only their pikes, hatchets, and knives. With these weapons, however, they boldly awaited the attack.

Half an hour passed in this state of suspense, the wolves occasionally advancing a pace or two into the circle of light, but always retreating again. At length one of them approached so near that I asked George if it would not be advisable to reward his temerity with a bullet.

"Yes," was the answer, "if you are certain of hitting him."

"Why must I be certain?"

"Because if you kill him his companions will amuse themselves with eating him; to be sure," added he to himself, "if once they taste blood they will be mad for more."

"The mark is so good," said I, "I can hardly miss him."

"Fire, then, in God's name!" returned George; "all this must have an end one way or other."

Before the words were out of his mouth I fired, and the wolf writhed in agony on the snow. In an instant half-a-dozen wolves darted forward, and, seizing their comrade, carried him off into the darkness.

The howlings now increased, and it was evident more wolves were arriving. At length there was a moment's silence.

"Do you hear the horses," said George, "how they neigh and paw? It is a signal for us to be prepared."

"I thought the wolves were gone," replied I; "they have left off howling."

"No they have finished their repast, and are preparing for an attack. Here they come."

And that moment eight or ten wolves, that in the imperfect flickering light looked as big as jackasses, rushed forward, and instead of endeavoring to pass under the wagons, bounded boldly upon them. By some chance, however, none of them attacked the wagon on which I was posted.

The cart on my right, defended by George, was assailed by three wolves, one of which was immediately disabled by a thrust of the vigorous old man's pike. A ball from my carbine settled another, and seeing George's halberd raised over the head of the third I knew he wanted no further aid, and looked to see what was going on to my left.—Two wolves had attacked the wagon which was defended by one of George's sons, who received the first of his foes with a lance thrust. But apparently no vital part was touched, and the wolf had broked the pike with his teeth; so that for a moment the man opposed to him had nothing but a pole wherewith to defend himself. The second wolf was scrambling along the cart, and on the point of attacking him, when I sprang from one wagon to another, and fired one of my pistols into the animal's ear. He fell dead beside his companion, who was rolling in the snow, and making violent efforts to tear the broken lance from his wound.

Meantime Ivan was hard at work, and I heard a carbine or two pistol shots, which told me that our adversaries were as warmly received on either side on the right of the line. An instant later four wolves again crossed the circle of light, but this time in full retreat, and at the same moment, to our no small astonishment, three others, that we had thought dead or mortally wounded, raised themselves up and followed their companions, leaving large tracks of blood behind them.—Three carcasses remained upon the field of battle.

"Load again, and quickly," cried George, "I know their ways; they will be back directly." And the old man pointed with his finger into the darkness. I listened, and heard distant howling replying to the nearer ones.—What we have as yet had were a

mere skirmish. The general was to come.

"Look behind you!" cried a voice. I turned; and saw two fiery eyes gleaming on the top of the snow wall in our rear. Before I could draw a trigger, the wolf made a leap, and falling upon one of the horses, struck his fangs into his throat. Three men left their wagons.

"There is but one wolf," cried George, "and one man is enough. Let the others remain at their posts."

Two of the men resumed their places. The third crept upon his hands and knees among the horses, who in their terror were kicking and plunging violently, and throwing themselves against the carts by which they were surrounded. I saw the gleaming of a knife-blade, and the wolf let go the horse, which reared up on his hind legs, the blood streaming from its throat. A dark mass was rolling and struggling on the ground. It was the man and the wolf.

At the end of a few seconds the man stood up. "David," said he to one of his comrades, "come and help me to carry away this carion. The horses won't be quiet while it lies here."

They dragged the wolf towards George's wagon, and then raising it up from the ground, the old man took it by the hind legs, as though it had been a hare, and threw it outside the line of carts.

"Well, Nicholas," said George to the successful combatant, "don't you take your place again?"

"No," replied the other; "I have enough as it is."

"Are you wounded?" cried Louise, opening the door of the *telegue*.

"I believe I have killed my last wolf," answered the poor fellow in a faint voice.

I gave George my carbine, and hastened to the wounded man. A part of his jaw was torn away, and the blood flowed abundantly from a large wound in the neck. I for a moment feared that the carotid artery was opened, and scarcely knowing whether I did right or wrong, I seized a handful of snow, and applied it to the wound. The sufferer uttered a shriek and fainted away.

"O God!" cried Louise, "have mercy upon him!"

"To your posts," shouted George in a stentorian voice; "the wolves are upon us!"

I left the wounded man in Louise's care, and jumped upon the cart.

I can give no details of the combat that followed. I had too much occupation myself to attend to what my companions were doing. We were attacked by at least twenty wolves at once. After discharging my two pistols, I armed myself with an axe that George gave me. The fight lasted nearly a quarter of an hour, and certainly the scene was one of the most terrible it is possible to imagine. At length, and just as I was splitting the skull of a wolf that hung on to one of the wheels of my wagon, a shout of victory resounded along our line, and again our enemies fled, but this time it was for good.

Three of our men were wounded, beside Nicholas, who was still alive, but in a desperate state. We were obliged to shoot the horse that had been torn by the wolf.

By day-break a door was opened through the wall of snow, and we resumed our journey. The evening of the same day we reached a small village, where we found an inn, that, under any other circumstances would have been pronounced abominable, but which appeared a palace after three such days as we had passed. The following morning we parted from our friends the carriers, leaving George 500 rubles to divide among them.

All now went well. Thanks to the imperial order with which we were provided, the best horses were always for us, and when necessary, escorts of ten or twelve men galloped on either side of our sledge. The country was flat and the pace good, and exactly a week after leaving the Ural mountains we entered Tobolsk.

MARRIED FOR A JOKE. A bill has passed the Senate of Missouri declaring the marriage of Congreve Warner and Elizabeth Crockett null and void. The parties were at a wedding, and upon a banner given, probably by the gentleman, they mounted their horses and rode to a justice's, where the ceremony was performed. Upon their return, and ever afterwards, the lady insisted that it was all a joke, and refused to consider it otherwise. The gentleman desired to stand up to the joke, but the lady would not.

## Female Enterprise and Misfortune.

A young woman left Philadelphia for the South some years ago, and by her industry and business tact soon amassed a fortune. It seems that, very lately, she became embarrassed in business and failed. A correspondent of the N. York Herald writing from that city thus speaks of her failure. "The failure of Miss—, of Mississippi, falls heavy on the merchants here, to whom she owes \$60,000. Several houses are in for large amounts from \$4,000 to 15,000. The commercial enterprise and career of this woman has been most extraordinary. Her credit was unbounded for years. She has made her regular visits to this market, and taken off large amounts of every description of merchandise, and always paid up punctually. She was estimated to be very rich. She is a woman of masculine proportions, and when she used to attend the auction sales to make her purchases, would crack and enjoy a joke with any man, and was always the occasion of great mirth and jollity. She was famous, every time she left this city, for taking off with her half a dozen pretty girls, as clerks in her great Western Bazaar, whom she could not keep in her employ much longer than a season, as they were certain to get married off to rich Southerners; so that if a girl wanted to get well settled in the South, she had only to enter the service of Lydia—, But, with all her tact in marrying others, she could not succeed in getting off herself. Many rich jokes are told of her. The following has had wide circulation: That she took a fancy to one of her neighbors, and inviting him into her place of business, put in his hands a roll of bank notes, and told him to count them. He did so; the result was \$100,000 in bills of one thousand dollars each.—She told him they were his providing he would take her with them; but the bait did not answer. In fact Lydia was rather a hard subject. Her total liabilities are \$15,000, and what dividends the creditors are likely to receive, you can imagine as well as I can, when I inform you that she has made an assignment to a young lawyer in Mississippi."

A Debtor Going out of Jurisdiction.

By our law, says the Boston Post, if a creditor has reason to believe that his debtor is about to leave the state, he may make oath that he intends to do so for the purpose of avoiding payment, and have him held to bail to abide judgment. This law, we are informed by a lawyer, was most curiously taken advantage of some days since. A creditor made the usual oath, and got out his writ of arrest; but when the officer went to serve it on the debtor, he found him on his bed dying, being in the last stage of consumption. The constable immediately left the dying man, and went to see the plaintiff, to whom he said: "The man you have sued is actually dying. How could you make oath that you had reasonable cause for believing that he was going out of the city?" The plaintiff replied—"Lord love you, my dear man, when I saw him last night, I thought he would have left before this time, and I didn't suppose it made any difference in law how he left."

Woman's Temper.

No trait of character is more valuable in a female, than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling upon his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you may observe kindness and love natural in her heart. Smiles, kind words and looks characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there.—Study to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold, it captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life retains all its freshness and power.

SHORT AND SWEET.—Divers plans of courtship are laid down in books; but none takes our fancy like the following adopted by a couple, recently:

"Miss Lydia will you marry me?"

"Well, I s'pose I must, Jerre!"

"I'll be much obliged to you if you will."

Then he kissed her and she kissed him, and the business was settled right off.